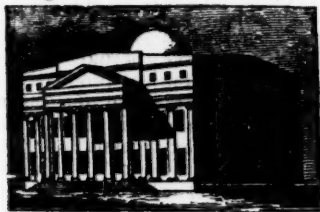


DISTRICT SCHOOL JOURNAL

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Popular Education.

STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON "SCHOOL SYSTEMS."

One of the first duties of a State is to secure the general diffusion of knowledge. Her richest treasure is her children. In these she possesses intellectual minds more susceptible of improvement, and infinitely more valuable than her mines of gold or lead or iron. "Knowledge is power;" at once the defence and ornament of the State—the salt which preserves all her good institutions.

That a School System better secures these benefits than the voluntary principle is made obvious by contrasting the intellectual condition of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, or of New York fifty years ago, with New York now. There are so many sordid minds, caring more to see their children rich than intelligent, and so many sluggish ones, that in contented ignorance deem education not worth an effort, that we can never expect the masses, voluntarily, to come up to the work of self enlightening.

For the origin of School Systems, in this country, we must go to our puritan forefathers; for popular education as well as popular liberty, was cradled on the Plymouth rock.

The Massachusetts colony established a School System about 200 years ago, declaring the moving cause to be, to defeat one of the chief projects of Satan, which is to keep people in ignorance. She combined religious instruction with intellectual, holding that learning was of little value without morals, and that morality derived its most salutary principles, if not its very existence, from the word of God. The colonies that went out from her, filling up the other parts of New England, and leavening the Dutch population of New York, carried with them their intelligence and their Bibles, and they were not more careful to provide bread for their children than the means of education.

But it was not till the commencement of the present century, that public sentiment in the State of New York, would bear a system com-

pulsory in any of its provisions, for the general diffusion of learning. It has, however, proved greatly beneficial. In hundreds of districts, where avarice or apathy would have left the school house unbuilt or untenanted, the portals of learning have, for a portion of the year at least, been thrown open.

Watered by liberal appropriations from time to time, our public school system has expanded, from the germ that Clinton planted, into a magnificent tree, beneath whose wide spreading branches more than half a million of children find shelter and gather fruit.

It has long been too beautiful to suffer from neglect. Improvements have followed each other too rapidly for the ripening of the fruit. Its branches have been too often plucked for political garlands. The fact is, we want but little legislation on this subject. Let but the right be recognized of every child in the commonwealth to the benefits of education, and an interest excited by liberally taxing the wealth of the community for the necessary expense, or at least a portion of it, and an agency is set to work more powerful and more efficient than all the expensive and complicated machinery of legislative creation. This agency is the people themselves. We take a livelier interest in that which we have been instrumental in sustaining; and the gold and silver of the rich placed at the school house, forms a kind of Galvanic circle, imparting new life and energy to their torpid sympathies. That system is best which most interests all classes of the people; and the one or two brief visits in the year, even of the Co. Superintendents, is but a poor substitute for the frequent familiar calls of the parents of the children.

The school systems of Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York, differ essentially in principle. The Massachusetts colony went on for 150 years with her free school system, without State patronage. The schools belonged to the people and enjoyed a very high place among their most cherished institutions. At length the State had some money to spare, and gave it to her schools. She then came in as a joint partner, and claimed a large share of the control. In her present system there is no tax on attend-

ance; the schools are supported by the State, and the taxable property. The State patronage gives efficacy to the system, but whether on the whole, beneficial, is yet an open question.

Connecticut, extending by her chartered grant to the Pacific, held a large domain, which she converted into a school fund, and relieved the people from the whole burden of their support. What costs nothing, is little cared for, and while the common schools are considered "excellent institutions for the poor," the children of the opulent are sent to other schools. The rich can afford this course and have an undoubted right to pursue it; but the system which produces these results, is not the most beneficial for a State.

The New York State system differs from both of these. The Wealth and the Commonwealth are joint proprietors for a part of the expense, while the principal burthen is thrown on those who furnish pupils. The heaviest tax is on attendance. A premium is offered for every week of absence, and the average attendance at our schools, shows frequently that the people appreciate it. Our system, as well as that of Connecticut, keeps up the aristocracy of education. Provision is made for the poorest, but the very thought of coming in as a pauper scholar, has a tendency to

"repress their noble rage,
And freeze the genial current of the soul."

Many a delicate minded member of the common school has been stung to the heart by the taunt of his associate, looking down from what he deems, the higher elevation of the select school.

The advantages of a free, unrestrained access to the schools of the people, and the propriety of drawing on the wealth of the community for their support, have been so fully discussed during the past year, that your committee deem it superfluous to enlarge upon these points. We want schools at the same time, good enough for the richest, and cheap enough for the poorest.

But if the man of wealth still objects to taxation for the support of free schools, we may remind him that the State has long recognized a system of free schools for the support of which he ungrudgingly pays taxes. We refer to the system of *Street Schools*. The primary schools, indeed, being held in the open air, and the teaching on this system being free, are not expensive. But every county has an academy connected with the system of street schools, which is generally kept full by the promotion of the most forward pupils, and the grated windows show that the lack of earlier restraint now requires to be paid back with interest. This system has also its collegiate institutions at Sing Sing and Auburn, which have never wanted funds nor inmates.

In the opinion of your committee, public sentiment calls for some important improvements in the school system of this State, and we are pleased to find the subject brought distinctly before the constitutional convention.

It would be an interesting feature in our school system, if a certain number of the most meritorious in our public schools, were selected annually for a free course of academic

instruction;—and still another transfer made from these, according to merit, for a gratuitous college course.

The department of education should be divorced from its connection with other State departments. And your committee think it would be productive of good, inducing many to enter into the business of teaching professionally, with higher qualifications, if some 30 years successful teaching might entitle the veteran teacher to a pension.

We submit the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the school system of every christian state, should recognize the Bible as the standard of morals—the great source of truth.

Resolved, That we look with much interest to the action of the constitutional convention on the school system; and we cordially approve that feature in the committee's report, which would remove the tax on attendance, and make the schools free.

X. HAYWOOD, }
W. BARNES, } Com.
P. E. DAY, }

ALBANY CITY AND COUNTY LYCEUM.

REPORT ON APPARATUS.

The committee to whom was referred the subject, *Apparatus*, beg leave respectfully to report that they have had the same under consideration, and have given it such attention as they deemed necessary to elucidate the few articles of apparatus which they have enumerated, and which they consider peculiarly adapted to our schools.

We do not consider it necessary to offer any arguments to enforce the utility of the eye being cultivated. We believe it to be quite as susceptible of culture as the other senses; and would at least place it upon a level with them. The first article which we deem essentially useful in every school room, is a *Blackboard*; and here we would say, once for all, that we give the name blackboard to all blackened surfaces, or tablets, as well as to boards painted black, and for the simple reason, that the term is somewhat arbitrary, and sufficiently applicable to all; as all such articles are subject to analysis, and being simple substances. The uses to which such an article of apparatus may be applied, are various and important: Time would not permit an enumeration of them here, hence we shall content ourselves by giving a few instances, wherein we think they may be applied, so as to abridge the time of the teacher, and greatly facilitate the labour of the pupil. In primary schools they may be used with great success, in teaching the alphabet, spelling and even reading. A few letters may be placed on the board sufficient for a lesson for a class. The class should be required to see the teacher make the letters, and observe how they are constructed; and then, in the usual way, be taught their names and powers. We have found by experience, that very young children will become acquainted with the alphabet sooner in this way than in any other. Spelling may also be taught in nearly the same manner. Reading may be taught by the use of this apparatus, almost si-

multaneous with the alphabet, by writing simple sentences on the board, and analyzing them to the class.

Your committee do not deem it necessary to give any detailed plan for using the blackboard, in giving instruction in Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, drawing maps, &c., as we believe every gentleman present who is a teacher, is so well acquainted with its use, that they require no arguments from us, to satisfy them of its utility in this, or indeed, any other respect. A question, however, has arisen, and no doubt, will often arise; what are the best kind of boards now in use? and of what materials are they made? Your committee are decidedly of the opinion, that the best now in use are the composition tablets, now used in some of the schools in this city, that for durability and convenience they are far superior to any other, and are likely to supersede entirely, the old fashioned blackboard. The materials from which they are made are yet, in a great measure, a secret; hence your committee cannot describe them fully. We are not, however, ignorant that objections, which seem very plausible, are sometimes urged against the use of tablets. It has been argued, that their immovability, or stationary position, render them incapable of being used in many instances. This would certainly be an objection, if their size, or dimension were no larger than those made of other materials. But when we consider, that every school-room is incomplete, without such a tablet, or board, is placed the entire length of one of its sides, and that, if possible, to be the one opposite to the pupils, the objection, we think, is entirely removed. It is then in a situation to be seen by the whole school; and whether we wish to demonstrate to a single class, or to the entire school, is a matter of but little importance, as all the pupils may, if necessary, see it at the same moment. We do not consider it necessary, to take up space, to answer every frivolous objection that might be offered in this case. Sufficient to our present purpose, is the fact, that they are an indispensable auxiliary to a school room; and in the words of a learned author, we would say: "That the inventor, or introducer of the blackboard, deserves to be ranked amongst the best contributors to learning and science, if not among the benefactors of mankind; and so he will be regarded by all who know its merits and are familiar with schoolroom trials."

The second article of apparatus, which your committee would recommend, for the use of our schools, is *Outline Maps*. We have some doubts, however, whether, strictly speaking, Outline Maps can be called apparatus. But custom, that arbiter of human language, we believe has so sanctioned the appellation, that it would be injudicious to offer a criticism, on the merits, or demerits of a name, so well understood by all. The only maps of this description with which we are acquainted, are Mitchell's and Pelton's. It is foreign to our present purpose, to examine them, with a view to show the superiority of the one, at the expense of the other. We shall only say that we consider an Outline Map, only to be an outline of the different natural and political divisions of the earth's

surface, and that it should contain as little of the minutiae of geography as is practicable. In this respect we think both the above authors have erred. It should have been their aim to have devised such a set of maps, as would have been the most easily learned, the longest remembered, and at the same time to have afforded a bold outline of all the prominent places and divisions on the earth's surface. This, we think, would have been much better, than to have them filled up, as both sets are, with small towns, rivers, &c., which only serve to bewilder rather than instruct.

There is no question, however, about the utility of maps of this description. It is a well known fact, that teaching by the eye, is based upon that law of intellect, that "the objects of sight more readily become the subject of conception and memory, than those of other senses, and the more distinctly they are seen, the more lively is the conception, and more lasting the impression on the mind." Hence your committee are of the opinion that outline maps ought to be within the reach of every child in the schoolroom: and they know by experience, that pupils will receive more instruction, by going once over maps of this description, than they would in double the time, in any other way.

A set of Mechanics and mathematical solids, are also very essential parts of the furniture or apparatus of a school-room. The mechanic, of what kind soever he may be, must use more or less of these powers, in every operation which he performs. How necessary is it then, that our scholars should receive correct information, both theoretically and practically, of the use and relative proportions of these powers, by which a large number of them, perhaps, will have to earn their daily bread? We are of opinion that the dry descriptions of books, and the technical language of rules, are very insufficient aids to a proper understanding of these powers. Children cannot perceive their adaptation to the ordinary business of life; but let the teacher place before his class a set of these powers, and begin by showing it the number of levers, how they differ, one from another; how the compound lever differs from the simple; and then explain how, and in what manner, the mechanic is often obliged to use them, without knowing the theory of their application, and finally, let him apply the rule, for ascertaining the power required to overcome a certain resistance; and the class will not only have a true and correct conception of the properties of the lever, but will also remember, and be able to apply the knowledge thus gained, to useful purposes. The other mechanical powers are susceptible of the same treatment and application, and should be explained in the same way. If these powers were rightly understood, there is no knowing what improvements would be made in the next generation in our railroads and steamboats and other machinery. It was a knowledge of these powers, which led to the splendid results of Watts and Fulton, and other distinguished mechanics, both in our own and other countries. It was a knowledge of these powers which led to the improvements of architecture, which distinguish, in a great measure, our present hab-

itations from those of the darker ages of the world. In a word, we are indebted to the applications of the mechanical powers, for very much of that comfort and happiness, which we enjoy at the present day.

There is some difficulty experienced by every teacher, in getting his pupils to understand correctly, the figures in solid Geometry, from drawings. The fact is, they cannot be represented sufficiently bold, in this way, to be intelligible to the unpractised eye of the pupil: hence the ingenuity of some one, no doubt a teacher, to obviate the difficulty, by fashioning a set of blocks to represent the solid bodies in Geometry. That a valuable service has been rendered to the tyro in mathematical science, by this device, your committee fully believe. And as the utility of such blocks are obvious to every one, we would conclude this part of our subject, by recommending them to general use.

In schools where drawing maps is practised, and we believe it ought to be practised in every school, a case of drawing instruments is an indispensable requisite. Every boy arriving at the age of maturity, should know, at least, how to use Gunter's scale and a pair of dividers. This we believe, would be the case were every school supplied, as it should be, with a case of drawing instruments. Time will not permit us to examine such a case, as we would desire to see placed in every school. Hence we pass on to our next, by merely recommending their use in every school where they can be obtained.

The next article of apparatus, which we beg leave to recommend, is the *Tellurian*. We are well aware that it may be said, this instrument is not required in our common schools. But when your committee consider, that nineteen twentieths of the children now taught, receive all their instruction in our schools, and how necessary it is that every person should know something about astronomy, we are compelled, by a sense of duty we owe to the rising generation, to recommend its use, even at the risk of being called common school egotists. The teacher can exhibit to his pupils, by this instrument, the moon's motion around the earth; and the principal phenomena which accompanies the changes, in their relative position: Such as for instance, the seasons; the eclipses; the succession of day and night; the moon's velocity, her latitude and distance from the earth; the progressive motion of her apogee, and the retrogradation of her nodes, &c. The teacher, if he thoroughly understands the science himself, may, by the use of this instrument, have his pupils familiar with these facts, and many more on this subject, which, for want of time and space, we are unable to enumerate. We believe there can be no good reason given, why so large a proportion of the rising generation should be kept ignorant of these facts, unless it be, that we wish to compare the nineteenth century with the thirteenth and fourteenth, when the inhabitants of Europe were almost frightened to death at the appearance of an eclipse.

In order to assist the tyro in this interesting science, and to promote his progress as much as possible, in acquiring accurate conceptions of the relative distances, magnitudes, and positions of the planets, your committee have come

to the conclusion to recommend the use of the *Orrery*, or *Planetarium*. We are aware that many objections have been made against the use of this instrument; but we have neither time nor space at present to answer them; nor do we suppose that such an exposition is required, in a report of this description, which must necessarily be brief. We would merely state, that notwithstanding objections have been urged against it, yet after all, we consider it a very useful instrument, and one which ought to have a place in every school.

One of the greatest difficulties experienced by teachers, in giving instruction in Astronomical science, is getting their pupils to have a clear conception of the relative position of the planets, and their satellites, as they revolve around their primary; or in other words, finding their *geocentric* and *heliocentric* places. This, we think, can be done so satisfactorily by the use of the *Orrery* and an *Ephemeris*, that the merest tyro in the science can fully comprehend it. Take for instance an *ephemeris* of the 19th December, 1844, (we regret that this is the latest date of an *ephemeris* we have at hand, at present,) we find that the *heliocentric* places of the planets, stand in the following order: viz. "the Earth, 27°, 46' of Gemini; Mars, 12°, 45' of Libra; Venus, 29° 48' of Virgo; Mercury, 7° 53' of Pisces; Saturn, 8° 27' of Aquarius; Jupiter, 7° 4' of Aries; and Uranus, 2° of Aries." Then let the teacher place the planets on the planetarium, in their respective positions, as given above, and let the eye be placed in a line with the Earth and the Sun, and those situated on the right hand side of the *Orrery*, will be seen in the morning before sunrise, and those on the left, after sunset in the evening.

The teacher may, by this means, show his pupils the relative positions of the planets, every day in the year. All he requires, besides the *Planetarium*, is a *Boston Almanac* for the year, the only work, we believe, published in this country, in which the *ephemeris* is given. To those who have experienced the difficulties which young persons have in obtaining correct information on this point, we think the use of this instrument will be acceptable. Nor is this a minor point in the science. It is one in fact, on which all the other parts of astronomy, in a great measure depend. If the positions of the heavenly bodies are well understood, even the most intricate part of the science may be said to be mastered.

But this is not the only part, to which the planetarium may be applied with success. It may also be used to show the *magnitude*, the *relative distance*, the *elongation*, the retrograde and accelerated motions of the planets, their superior and inferior conjunctions, which are evening and which morning stars, and the times that these changes take place; their uniform velocities, and lastly, to prove to a demonstration, the truth of the Copernican, or solar system.

The last articles of apparatus to which we would recommend attention at this time, and which we are certain every teacher present will cordially join us in recommending, are the *Globes*. In all our schools, Geography has become a favorite science. And the navigator,

the merchant, the philosopher, the physician, the theologian and the politician, are equally interested in it; not merely by a desire of gratifying curiosity, but by an actual necessity, of qualifying themselves for the discharge of the various duties of life. Each profession is obliged to collect such information as it requires in its respective avocation from all quarters of the globe. It is not necessary to remark then, that an intimate acquaintance with the globes, is essential to a correct knowledge of geography. And it also stimulates the youthful mind, to survey the planetary system, "and the other charms of Astronomy, which never fail to inspire rapturous feelings of delight, and to create a genuine taste for the beauties and sublimities of nature" and nature's God. It is foreign to our purpose to give a description of these important articles of an apparatus; we shall merely endeavor to show their utility in a very few of the many instances in which they may be employed, in illustrating Geography and Astronomy. A young person commencing the study of Geography has difficulties in comprehending the shape of the globe, which we inhabit; and is peculiarly puzzled, in many instances, to know the use of the different lines and circles, represented on the map. But place a terrestrial globe before him, and tell him that is the shape of the earth, and also, that the circle which divides the earth in two equal parts, is the equator, &c., and he will have a just conception of the whole in a very short time. We can also exhibit on this globe, the latitude and longitude of any place; the difference of the latitudes and longitudes of places; the distances between places; the difference between the time of any two places; the time the sun rises and sets at any place; the cause of day and night; the cause of the variety of the seasons; the length of the day and night at any given place; and where the sun is vertical, at any given place within the torrid zone, &c., &c. We can also show, in a manner sufficiently correct, the centrifugal force of the earth, in its diurnal motion on its axis; and what its effect has been, in the accumulation of matter within the vicinity of the equator. We might in the next place, if we choose, inform our pupils that this globe is not the exact shape of the earth, but that it is a little more flattened at the poles than is represented here; that the difference between the polar and equatorial radius, is a little over thirteen miles; and hence that all such large rivers as the Mississippi, which flow either due north or due south to the equator, are some distance farther from the centre of gravity, where they empty, than where they rise; and are therefore said in common language, to be higher at their mouth than at their source. We might also show that a degree of latitude is larger at the pole than at the equator; and that both the results arise from nearly the same cause. There is a multitude of phenomena of this kind, that might be exhibited by this instrument, but time will not permit us to enumerate them at present.

The celestial globe bears the same relation to Astronomy, that the terrestrial does to geography. Hence the importance of each in its proper sphere. After our pupils have become acquainted with the positions, magnitudes and dis-

tances of the planets, it is then a suitable time to introduce the celestial globe. And with the use of this instrument, we may open a field of inquiry, which extends through all space; and view those most astonishing and magnificent displays, which the creator has given of himself in his works.

Some person has said, we believe Pope, that "the undevout Astronomer is mad." If it be true then, that a knowledge of this science leads the mind to reverence and adore its Creator; and to place his affections on that *Omnipotent Power*, which placed those shining orbs in their proper positions, and causes them to move along in silent grandeur, proclaiming to every attentive beholder, "The hand that made them is divine;" is it not amazing that we should be found overlooking such striking displays of divine perfection, as the starry heavens is calculated to convey? Are they unworthy of the christian's regard? We think not. And we are also of the opinion, that the teacher should use every means in his power to encourage the study of this heavenly science. When young persons look upon the blue concave above them in a clear night, they become somewhat bewildered, and think it an impossibility, that each star should have its name and magnitude assigned it by man. But let the teacher place the celestial globe before them, and point out the different constellations in which the stars are grouped, the manner in which the latitude and longitude of a star is found; how to find its declination and right ascension; and then let him rectify it so as to represent the time and place; and by this means he may at once dissipate their doubts, by showing them the actual position of the constellations on any given evening. He may also direct their attention to the principal stars in those constellations, and shew them the modes in which their rising, culminating and setting, can be ascertained. In this way, very young persons may become acquainted with the names, situations, &c. of the principal stars and constellations in the Northern hemisphere.

We regret that time will not permit us to examine this most interesting subject farther. Your committee are fully aware that they have trespassed longer upon your time than they ought to have done. But they at the same time hope, that it will be borne in mind, that the subject referred to them was an extensive one; and one too, that required illustration in order to be intelligible. How far we have succeeded in our efforts, is not for us to say. But one thing is certain, we might have said *more*, but could not easily have said *less*.

All which is respectfully submitted.

WM. H. HUGHES

"Since human knowledge is so much more extensive than the opportunity of individuals for acquiring it, it becomes of the greatest importance so to economize the opportunity, as to make it subservient to the acquisition of as large and as valuable a portion as we can. It is not enough to show that a given branch of education is useful; you must show that it is the *most useful that can be selected*."—*Dymond*.

True politeness has its seat in the heart.

District School Journal.

S. S. RANDALL, EDITOR.

ALBANY, NOVEMBER, 1846.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

The third term of this institution was closed by a week's public examination of the pupils, in the various branches of study pursued during the term, and by a series of interesting and appropriate exercises at the Middle Dutch Church in this city on the 17th of September last. The fourth term commences on the first Monday of the present month, under the most flattering auspices.

We were present during a portion only of the examination referred to, and therefore cannot speak of our own knowledge, as to the entire course: but from what we saw and heard, and from the testimony of others who were present during nearly the whole examination, we are enabled to state that the pupils acquitted themselves successfully and with honor, during a protracted and very thorough review of their studies, and that the graduating class in particular, sixty-three in number, sustained themselves fully and ably. The concluding exercises consisted of a well written poem, by Miss MARY A. LEE of Herkimer, a Valedictory address, eloquent, practical and pertinent, by DANIEL B. ROSS of Ontario—and an address to the graduating class, on the presentation of their diplomas, by the PRINCIPAL,—of which, it is only necessary to say, that it was in all respects worthy of his well earned reputation as an able and eminently successful teacher.

This institution may now fairly be regarded as in the "full tide of successful experiment." It has accomplished, within the brief period of two years, all, and more than all, that its most

enthusiastic and sanguine advocates dared to claim in its behalf; and it has demonstrated the practicability of a comprehensive plan of instruction, based upon the principle that the teacher of youth, above all others, should be fitted and prepared for his high and responsible avocation, by a thorough course of previous mental and moral discipline. The executive committee have been eminently fortunate in their selection of a Board of Instructors: and it is no derogation to others, in our judgment, to say that the Principal, Mr. D. P. PAGE, has not his superior—scarcely his equal—in the Union, for the position which he occupies with so much credit to himself, and usefulness to those under his charge. Professor PERKINS is extensively, and most favorably known, and his high abilities as a Mathematician fully appreciated—and no where more so than by the pupils of the Normal School. Miss HANCE, and Messrs. BOWEN, CLARK, EATON and WEBB, have faithfully discharged the onerous duties devolved upon them respectively, to the entire acceptance of all: and Mr. PHELPS, as the Principal of the Experimental school, has amply met the expectations and wishes, as well of the Faculty of the institution, as of those parents and guardians who have entrusted their children, for the time being, to his care.

In this connection, we cannot pass over without high and unqualified commendation, the admirable examination which the classes of the Experimental School sustained, and the obvious proficiency which the pupils generally have attained under the excellent discipline to which they have been subjected.

In the departments of drawing and music, Professors HOWARD and ILSLEY did not fail to afford renewed and very gratifying evidence of their skill and talents, in the respective departments assigned to their charge.

SCHOOL DAY MEMORIES.

POEM—BY MARY ANN LEE, Herkimer county.

'Tis sweet,—it calms the weary soul, to let our thoughts flow back,
And glide by flowers fair, that grew along life's sunny track;
For though rank weeds and hateful, rise oft-times upon the view,
And sharpest thorns are ever found where sweetest roses grew,
The path we trod in childhood when our hearts were filled with mirth,
The smoothest and the brightest is, we e'er can tread on earth.
How will some half-forgotten song come softly to our ears,
Laden with recollections sweet, of pleasant vanished years;
It telleth us of many tones hushed in the silent tomb,
Of laughing eyes and fairy forms, deep hid within its gloom:
It speaks of friendship's fires grown cold, links lost from love's bright chain,
Of happy homes and peaceful hearths, where echoed once that strain.
Let youth his standard plant far up, on Fame's proud, rugged hill,
And let him struggle boldly on, with firm unaltered will;
Then, when the strife is ended, let the man's proud heart beat high,
But give to me the child's calm soul, his bright untroubled eye.
Who, though his proudest dreams were true, yet feeleth not a void
Within the heart, the aching heart, by earthly pleasures cloyed?
Who back can look upon the past, by happy hours endeared,
And sigh not for the fresh warm soul, that time hath soiled and seared?

There is a vision haunts me still, a picture of past years,
 Ere yet my heart the world had known, its follies or its fears:
 It is a vision that I love, O dearly love, to view—
 The green old woods, the gurgling stream, the sky so deeply blue,
 The cottage with its porch and vine, where dwelt of old the dame,
 Who first on my young mind impressed each letter with its name.
 It seems as scarce a week had flown since last with willing feet
 I hastened in that little room to my accustomed seat.
 I see it even as it was; the desk, the high backed chair
 Where sat the venerable dame with kind but stately air:
 Her silver spectacles are on, her knitting in her hand,
 And when a visitor comes in, her smile's extremely bland:
 O, those indeed were pleasant days, and pleasant was our school,
 The teacher's tone was dignified, but easy was her rule;
 'Tis true she sometimes used her rod, and scolded like a witch,
 But that was when we tore our books or she had dropt a stitch.
 And she was any thing but cross: could one not read or spell,
 She'd kindly do it all herself, or let the next child tell.
 Ah, gaily sped ye on blest days; but now the dame has gone,
 Nor many of that childish band are left her loss to mourn.

The *infant school* has vanished now, and in its place I see
 Another thronged with roguish boys and maidens full of glee.
 It standeth on a wide waste field, the dusty roadside by;
 No brook is near, no greenwood tree uplifts its head on high:
 Yet oft I go by Fancy's aid upon that room to look;
 I see again each beaming eye, each worn and well-thumbed book;
 The master is a dark browed man, stalwart of frame and tall,
 He sitteth with his wooden chair tipped back against the wall,
 The old first class in spelling now—upon the floor shall stand,
 Each young foot on the same straight line and folded every hand.
 I used to learn that lesson well: my memory was good;—
 How joyously my heart would dance when at the head I stood.
 I never can forget the pride that swelled my childish breast
 When the first time I won a prize by *spelling down the rest*.
 Through six long weeks for it I toiled; my play I e'er forsook,
 The smiling morn, the midnight lone, still found me at my book.
 All other lessons were untouched: the prize was what I sought:
 I had resolved that should be mine, however dearly bought;
 I heeded not my classmates' grief, I cared not for their frown,
 One only wish, one hope was mine,—that I might *spell them down*.
 And when the day of triumph came, and o'er my neck they threw
 The shining piece of silver round, tied with a ribbon blue.
 I doubt me if a conqueror's heart e'er beat more high and proud,
 Though at his feet with lowly air a captive monarch bowed.
 And these were also pleasant days, and all too quickly flown,
 Though seeds of jealousy and strife I fear were often sown.
 Our teacher wore a kindly smile, though one great fault he had,
 His favorites were chosen from the brightest and best clad:
 He oft would share our gladsome sports beneath the summer sky,
 Or join us where stern winter's hand had heaped the snowdrift high;
 But if aught chanced to chafe his mood, woe to offenders then,
 'Twas one to meet his wrath, or beard the lion in his den.
 And yet, in sooth, we loved him well: his heart was kind and warm,
 Though oft obscured by passing clouds or darkened by a storm.

But there is yet *another school*, where once I bore a part;
 Oblivion ne'er shall draw her veil between it and my heart.
 I ever loved the *Sabbath* well; though wayward through the week,
 It pleased me on the holy day my *SUNDAY SCHOOL* to seek.
 They offered me no silver prize, should I my lesson learn,
 But I would not have missed a word, a golden one to earn.
 My teacher's "kind approving smile" was precious in my eyes;
 Her gentle voice reward enough, I sought no other prize.
 God's blessing on the Sabbath School! that sanctuary sweet!
 O if there be on earth one spot for angel's visits meet,
 One spot on which the Savior's eye must ever love to dwell,
 'Tis that where childhood's heart is taught sin and the world to quell.
 The teacher of the *weekday school*, for bread perchance may work,
 And love of gain and selfishness within his breast may lurk:
 No love in his cold heart may burn for those beneath his care,

In their behalf he ne'er may breathe a single fervent prayer.
 But he who in the Sabbath school still sows salvation's seed,
 Does so because he loves his Lord, and loves his lambs to feed.
 His is a work of charity, of kindly christian love;
 He hopes to meet his little flock in joy at last above.
 Then, Sabbath teacher, pause thou not, thy Savior God is near,
 His word shall ever be thy guide, his love thy path shall cheer.
 Hark! heard'st thou not those voices low, stealing so gently by?
 Still, still thy soul, and bow thy head, for angel guests are nigh;
 Hush, hush thy heart, bow down thy head and lend a lowly ear,
 To thee those heavenly voices speak; their silvery tones draw near!

Peace be with thee! Sister faint not;
 Meekly walk thy chosen way,
 Gather up thy Master's jewels,
 Leave them not the tempter's prey.

Lo, the world is spread before thee,
 Like a garden rich and rare:
 Wilt thou let the infant blossoms
 Droop and die for want of care?

Sister, faint not, though none thank thee,
 Though the cold world pass thee by,
 Meek, but firm, O sister, faint not,
 There is help for thee on high.

Sister, faint not: *He* will guard thee,
 Safe on thy appointed path;
 Gather up thy Master's jewels,
 Shield them from the monster's wrath.

They're gone, they're gone on wings of light, those blest ones from the sky;
 But, teacher let thy heart faint not; there's help for thee on high.

The picture of my childhood's hours has vanished e'en as they,
 I rouse as from a pleasant dream, a dream too bright to stay.
 And you who have gone back with me into the "buried past,"
 Shall we not raise the veil that's o'er our NORMAL SCHOOL DAYS cast.
 Shall we not once again converse with hours forever flown,
 Hours, it may be, too lightly prized, while yet they were our own.
 Do we not all remember yet the feelings strange and new,
 When first we trod the Normal hall, that thrilled our bosom through?
 Can one among us e'er forget the words of welcome sweet,
 The kindly smiles, the cheering tones that still the stranger greet?
 I'm sure we *all* remember well the dread that seized each heart,
 When in the "recitation room" first called to bear a part.
 O! well for those who wisdom had and how to show it knew!—
 But those who wanted confidence, or wisdom, or the two—
 How sunk their hearts! how ached their heads! how puzzled was each brain!
 'Twas not enough the *fact* we told; 'your reason please explain';
 Reason, we thought, a pretty thing; the man must crazy be,
 No teacher e'er presumed before, *reasons* to ask of me.
 'Why think we thus? Why sir, because all authors have agreed
 'Tis the right way, we've faith in them; of more we see no need.'
 O, hours of torture! days of dread! how many sighs ye cost!
 For nearly two long weeks, I ween, our minds were "passion test."
 Then, when the classes were made out, and each one's fate was known,
 How did we normals wish, yet fear, ay, *dread* to hear our own!
 Now we can smile as on those days, those cheerless days we look,
 But then, I'm sure the hearts of some e'en hope itself forsook.
 Our thoughts were with our kin and friends, still pined we for our home,
 We thought how often we had longed o'er the wide world to roam:
 But now amid the stranger throng, sad sighed the homesick mind,
 O give me back my home again, no pleasure here I find.
 How changeable the human heart! Ere yet a month had fled,
 We loved within those walls to meet, we loved those halls to tread;
 Though fondly prized our distant homes, no more for them we pined,
 Our classmates were as long tried friends, our teachers ever kind.
 Studies long cast aside as learned, we once again pursue,
 Nor found them dull, but every day discovered something new.
 No more to learn the author's *words* incessant pains we took,
 His *thoughts* we learned to treasure up, his words leave in the book,

But if each day, as on it sped, to us rich lessons brought,
 The "*day of general exercise*" with golden truths came fraught;
 For then it was that he, in whom all normal hearts confide,
 Threw light around the teacher's path, our future steps to guide;
 'Twas then he opened wide the scroll where his experience spoke,
 And earnest longings for the right within our hearts awoke.
 When we shall go forth to the world with hearts and minds to deal,
 Hearts, where neglect and vice, perchance, have set their fearful seal,
 Will we not then innerve our souls, all their high powers engage,
 And prove how good the lessons were, learned from the normal PAGE?
 And then the school where some of us first took the teacher's part,
That still will claim a share of love from every normal heart;—
 The dear EXPERIMENTAL SCHOOL, we never can forget
 The merry roguish little ones that in its walls we met:
 In dreams the music of their songs will rise so rich and clear,
 How will it joy our hearts once more those gentle tones to hear;
 In dreams we'll mingle with the throng where'er is raised a hand,
 Our love will not grow cold for one in all that childish band;
 They were the first that ever claimed as pupils our fond care,
 We cannot our first school forget, we learned too much while there.
 We learned it was no easy task with childhood's will to cope,
 We doubted of our own success; fear well nigh conquered hope;
 We looked on him to whom belongs those tender buds to guard,
 And much we feared that our rude hands might his good work retard.
 Our thanks e'en now we would express for patience to us shown;
 A word from him,—and sad despair o'er us her veil had thrown.
 We cannot our first school forget, it still will claim a thought,
 For there, I doubt me not, we learned more than we ever taught.

When Time's slow hand has raised the veil that hides our future days,
 And we have trod the path now bright 'neath Hope's illusive rays;
 When on our brow the impress stern of years and care is worn,
 When dull and dim is Hope's fair star, and earthborn joys are gone;
 When weary-souled and desolate, we sigh for vanished years,
 And feel the world we loved so long, indeed a "*vale of tears*,"—
 Then will Fancy bring again before our tear-dimmed eyes
 The picture of our childhood gay, and youth's bright sunny skies,
 But when our minds shall wander free among the treasured hoards,
 Of jewels rich, and untold wealth, the visioned past affords,
 Will there be one 'mong all the gems inwoven in life's chain,
 More fair or durable than those which *here* we sought to gain?
 Ah! when our hearts shall cease to sing like bird in prison cage,
 When bounding step and joyous laugh yield to the voice of age,
 Still oft our thoughts will fondly stray back to the Normal Hall,
 Loved voices and familiar forms come thronging at our call;
 Again, as in our early days, we wander through each room,
 Gone from our minds the lapse of years, the sadness and the gloom:
 Again we are as wild and free as bright winged forest bird,
 The same as when our thoughtless ways "*lectures*" so oft incurred.
 We'll see it *even as it is*; each in his wonted seat;
 It will not please us stranger forms within those halls to meet;
 The same as now we will expect to see the teacher band,
 Upon *that*, change must never dare to lay his stern, cold hand.
 Should we return and find that one had vanished from his place,
 The rest, though here, would scarce atone for that one absent face.
 Again we sit with knitted brow, and strange bewildered head,
 While he who walks among the stars as with a conqueror's tread,
 Talks with a sage, familiar tone, that few may e'er attain,
 Of laws that bind those shining worlds and all the comet train.
 The lecture room e'en as tis now, will come upon the view:
 The seats, the scholars just the same; *there must be nothing new!*
 Again, those old familiar tunes will swell upon the ear,
 By voices raised, that we on earth, perchance, no more may hear.
 How will our answering hearts respond to those sweet notes of praise?
 We will forget ye've gone for aye, O, happy normal days!
 We shall see him, whom Normals e'er will reverence and love,
 Offer his earnest fervent prayer to Him who reigns above;
 We listen with a gladdened soul, while his full tones arise,
 And feel that prayer, from hearts like his, finds welcome in the skies.
 O should it be our sad, sad doom, to seek again this spot,
 To ask for him, beloved so long, and hear that he is not,

To see another in the place that he alone can fill,
 How hard 'twould be, resigned to bend, e'en to the Holy will.
 But hence with such dark presages; long, long may he be spared,
 Much good to work in this fair world, by vice and sin ensnared.
 And Time, though thou shalt bend that form, and mark that thoughtful brow,
 Still leave the spirit firm and high, the heart as kind as now,—
 Then should we come indeed, back to the normal hall,
 Sweetly his unchanged, honored voice, will on our senses fall.

And now the time has come when we must leave for aye these halls,
 Never to meet, as we have met within these well-loved walls.
 We go to tread a path, perchance, our feet have never trod,
 To teach the young and trusting mind the way to truth and God:
 Nor this alone; for we must work upon the stony ground,
 And that where vice and sin before a resting place have found.
 And can it be that we will e'er our Normal teachings shame,
 And show that if we Normals were, 'twas only in the name?
 O should our hearts grow faint and sad, our heads with sorrow bow,
 And rough and thorny prove the path that lies before us now,
 Then, let us look to *Him* who left his Father's kingly throne,
 To save a world, which long he roamed, received not by his own,—
 And feel if we indeed would be co-heirs with Him above,
 Unwearied still, our *lives* must aid in the great work of love.
Yet let us on! nor pause to rest, with heavenly strength inspired,
For unto us hath much been given, and MUCH WILL BE REQUIRED.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS,

BY DANIEL B. ROSS, OF ONTARIO.

Beloved Fellow Students:

The occasion that has brought us together, is one of no ordinary interest, as it severs many of the endearing ties which have so long and cordially bound us to each other's society. And inasmuch as we have ever been free to exchange views and opinions upon matters more immediately connected with our profession, it will not be improper that I should exercise the same liberty and frankness in expressing the few thoughts which I have deemed appropriate to this occasion; as you will, moreover, discover in them, only the disinterested motives of a parting associate and friend.

You have before you an illimitable field of labor, and expect soon to enter upon it, with all its responsibilities, pleasures, difficulties and rewards. You have labored long and hard to store your minds with knowledge, both scientific and literary; as the glimmering taper of midnight's silent hour has often borne testimony. You have carefully availed yourselves of the rare opportunities afforded at our beloved institution, to acquire that tact and skill in your profession, which shall enable you to meet the expectations of your friends, and which are so indispensable to your success as Teachers.

And here it may not be improper to notice, in brief, the class of mind upon which you are to operate. By opening to the world our vast sources of prosperity and wealth, this country has become a theatre of active enterprises which have no parallel; and it has often been the remark of foreigners, that our people, and particularly our children, possess an unusual susceptibility to mental culture. This is, doubtless, owing in part to their peculiar habits of life; and the fact moreover, that they are early impressed with the notion, that "public opinion may have revel and reign, free and unrestrained. Some one has said, that "the fourth of July orator, wrapping himself in the folds of

the 'Star spangled banner,' and mounting upon the wings of the American Eagle, soars to a dizzy height; and amid thunders of applause, declares that the voice of the people is the voice of God." But this is a highly wrought and figurative expression, and instead of stopping to discuss its merits or demerits, it will be sufficient to notice the fact, which must be apparent to every reflecting mind, that upon many points of vital importance to this nation, public opinion is not orthodox.

Our educational interests are not in this country, as in Prussia and other portions of Europe, chained to the car of despotism; but are left to be regulated almost entirely by the popular sentiment; and while *that* has in no instance attached too much importance to the education of the intellect, it has very unhappily regarded *moral culture* as a matter of much less weight and moment.

It was from the profoundest knowledge of human nature, that the celebrated Horace Mann made a remark, which must ever carry along with it an intuitive conviction of its truth.

"Educate the physical powers alone," said he, "and you develop the savage; educate the intellect alone, and you develop the infidel; educate the moral nature alone, and you develop a puny christian. It is only in a proper development of all these powers, that man can approximate to his divine original."

A sentiment amply proved by the experience of the past, and one which is founded in the deepest philosophy of the human mind.

What a deplorable want of symmetry in the education of that modern French philosopher, who has unblushingly announced to the world the blasphemous sentiment, that "the heavens declare the glory of a Copernicus, a Newton, and a Kepler, rather than the glory of God."

These principles are the legitimate offspring of a system of education in the land of the renowned Louis Philippe, where intellectual cul-

ture is pushed to its extremity; and, while the atheistical instructor thus presents the phenomena of nature to the minds of his pupils, as the wonderful results of chance, how important that the theistical one should present them, in accordance with the great doctrine that "the universe exists not without a Creator."

What a sublime idea which fell from the lips of Prof. Alexander, in his late address to our school.

"There is," said he, "but one necessary truth; and that is, *God exists!*" all others in the great chain, being of course but incidental. Who is not ready to acknowledge, that a youth who enters upon the active stage of life at the age of twenty, with a clear knowledge of his duties to his Creator and to his fellow men, and with a fixed love of honor, justice, benevolence and truth, for their own sakes, and the happiness and self approval which they necessarily involve, is not far better educated, though but imperfectly acquainted with even the common branches taught in our schools, than he who is master of all science, yet possessed and governed by no fixed principle of rectitude, in his intercourse with his fellow.

Knowledge is indeed power, but it is neither wisdom nor virtue. Hume, Paine and Voltaire, were men possessing extensive knowledge, and strong powers of mind; yet who will venture to assert that they were either wise or virtuous, or in any measure a blessing to their race? How startling the thought, that the intellect may as readily become the handmaid of vice as of virtue! Moral and intellectual education *must* be blended—the moral powers must control and give direction to the intellectual. The perpetuity of all that is dear to every American and philanthropist, is staked upon it. I hope I shall not incur the charge of wishing to *obtrude* my sentiments upon any individual.

This is a last opportunity. We are never again to mingle our friendly voices in a free interchange of sentiments, as we have long been wont to do; hence you will pardon my earnestness upon this subject.

The boon of freedom, inherited from our revolutionary fathers, we cherish as a sacred bequest—a thousand endearing considerations add to its intrinsic value. The consecrated blood of martyred freemen, from that which stained the verdant field of Lexington, to that which was as freely poured out upon the plains of Yorktown, call upon us in accents not to be misunderstood, never to prove recreant to our high trust.

The American mariner, as our national banner is borne alike to the breezes of sunny Italy, and upon the gales and tempests that sweep the broad bosom of the Pacific, looks back, while far away upon his ocean home, and contemplates with an honest pride, the land of his nativity, hallowed in memory by endearing associations, with its green hills and wide spreading valleys, teeming with the elements of happiness, while the noble impress of a worthy enterprise, is stamped upon all its features. We are a happy people. We are a prosperous people. And shall we continue to be so? is an interrogatory frequently heard, and one which addresses itself

with its strongest claim to every lover of his race; and to none in particular, more than to the teacher of youth. It is our fortune to live in an age of revolutions, an age which may almost be regarded as the crisis of ages yet to come. The wise and reflective of our own country, are turning with deep solicitude to the school room for conservative influences.

If what the Earl of Shaftsbury has said be true, that "by a small misguidance of the affections, a lover of mankind becomes a raver, a hero and deliverer becomes an oppressor and destroyer," where is the end of the Teacher's responsibility? Who can estimate the value of high and holy motive, coupled to a well trained mind, and the requisite tact and skill in him who is to develop the future Statesman and Philanthropist, yea, the future Sovereigns of our republic.

These are now in sunny childhood, with all their exquisite susceptibilities, wearing the impress of innocence upon a sparkling countenance, while they playfully indulge in their childish joys, and look to the parent and Teacher for such direction as shall decide their destiny for weal or woe, not only in all coming time, but far exceeding the bounds of time and space. When I take this view of the great question, and then consider my own inability to meet its important demands, I shrink from the high undertaking. Again, when I think that it is the intention which gives character to effort, I am inspired with courage, and resolve to make the attempt.

Fellow Teachers:—You are equal to the high vocation to which duty so imperiously calls you. Your long hours of plodding study, of high mental excitement—the aching head and throbbing brow, while the "sable Goddess" had often stretched forth

"Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world," you have not experienced in vain. Those sparkling and familiar explanations—that masterly and ingenious tact—those minor matters which contribute so largely to the teacher's success, and the unnumbered points of varied interest, which were so often exhibited as living illustrations, have not been lost upon you.

You return to a community that will appreciate your worth, as you go forth impressed with the great truth, that your minds are intrusted to you as productive capital, for the benefit of the world. Our people are beginning to realize, more and more, the important fact, that popular education is the hope of our republic; and for this reason, they have furnished the rare facilities for improvement, which you have enjoyed with so much pleasure and profit. From the rural districts and hamlets of this "great State," we met here as strangers, but as a peculiar community; in which a similarity of interests wrought a union of feeling, and that a friendship which can never be destroyed by the corroding hand of time.

In former terms, while hope's delusive wand was waving over a future radiant with promise, we were suddenly called to witness the departure to the "Spirit land," of three of our number,

"Ere kindred dear could list
Their dying wish, or soothe th' expiring sigh."

In the inscrutable wisdom of a mysterious Providence, they were called thus early to their reward. I need not say how dearly they were prized as friends, holding a sacred membership in our fraternity;

"And as lives their spirit in celestial clime,
Among the eternal sainted hosts above;
So shall our hearts their memory ever keep—
A treasure."

Not less unexpectedly were we called to follow to their final resting place, the remains of one whose name will live in the annals of the Normal School while its influence shall be seen and felt. From affluence and ease, he descended to the turmoils and anxious cares which ever await the pioneer and champion of popular education; and withholding no consideration, however valuable, he had the pleasure of seeing the darling enterprise of his heart, prosper in his hands.

Such, in short, was the career of one, whose name is already enrolled among the benefactors of his country, and who, ere the noon of life, had fulfilled his high destiny.

"The terror King
E'er bent on woful deed,"

has not crossed the Normal threshold during our present term; and although the season has been one of unusual mortality in the city, the destroying angel has not been permitted to introduce the sable pall into our own happy circle: a fact that calls for our deep and filial gratitude to that Almighty Being, who holds in his hands the destinies of nations as well as of individuals. We have been conducted in safety to the close of a prosperous session.

To-morrow you return to the fresh green world, from which you have been so long secluded; to enjoy the rural beauties of childhood's happy hours, which you had exchanged for the toils and cares of the student's life. You are soon to be welcomed to the paternal mansion—the fertile fields, and the hills, valleys and streams with which you had grown up in sweet communion. You may again linger around the graves of your fallen kindred, where in days gone by you had planted the rose of fond affection; and when the unwilling clouds refused it the needful support, you had watered it with your copious gushing tears of love. Yes, all these hallowed scenes will soon burst upon your enraptured vision! To some of our number, the waving foliage and pearly lakes of the romantic North, will stir up soul-cheering reminiscences of "other days;" while others shall wend their way toward the "sunny South" to be greeted by objects of early association never to be forgotten; and others still, shall hie them to the quiet and silent retreats of Western New York, again to mingle in the joyous scenes of childhood.

We are in the morning of life, with high hopes of a bright future. The wide world is our theatre of action and influence; and who can wonder at the expression of the great Reformer Martin Luther, when he remarked, that "if he were not a minister of the gospel, he should desire above all other employments, to be a teacher of youth." Or the saying of another distinguished man, that "if the humblest teacher could pass along with his own in-

fluence as it should pursue its widening course onward, though he would never need to weep for another world to conquer, would one day see greater numbers reached by his power, than ever bowed to him of Macedon." Again, the remark of Lord Brougham. "However averse," said he, "by taste or habit to the turmoil of public affairs, or the more ordinary strifes of the world, instructors in all quiet and innocence, may enjoy the noblest gratifications of which the most aspiring nature is susceptible."

We have met at this time, to bid each other an affectionate and long farewell. We can never again expect, in an associated capacity, to mingle our voices in the morning song of praise, as we have so often done before. Your familiar forms almost vanish from my sight, away in the distance, as you leave these scenes, hallowed in dear remembrance,

And thoughtful muse on Normal days,
Which now return no more.

Fifty years, and those locks which now indicate the hilarity and vigor of youth, will be silvered o'er by the touch of Time, and the majority of our number will have journeyed to the spirit world. You may lie down at last, beneath no marble columns, reared to tell your virtues to the passing stranger, or to rehearse the simple story of your life; but you will live in the hearts of your countrymen, where modest and unobtrusive merit shall ever find a dwelling place.

For myself, it matters but little, whether the blooming bowers of my early youth shall curtain my humble tomb, or whether my sleeping dust shall rest upon a coral bed, in the dark deep sea; if I shall but have served my "being's end and aim."

Here we meet to mingle for a season in the joys and sweets of social converse—then to sunder our new relations and seek another sphere. But no farewells are known beyond the grave. To the scenes that will then burst upon us, we shall never say farewell; and tell me, O tell me! Shall it be ours to shake the friendly hand, surrounded by elysian scenes of Eden loveliness,

"Where seraphs gather immortality
On life's fair trees?"

Would, that I could have the blest assurance.

But before our final separation, a thousand sacred obligations call at once upon us, to render to these our Teachers, an expression of our gratitude, for the lively interest and deep solicitude they have ever manifested for us, while we have sustained to them the relation of pupil.

We need not say, dear Teachers, as we leave your guardian care and kindly protection, that during our whole stay at the Normal School, we have been constrained to cherish for you the warmest attachment, and the most ardent friendship—a friendship whose ties shall only cease to bind when the current of life shall cease to course through its accustomed channels.

And shall the brief span of our frail existence extinguish the ardor of our friendship? No, never!

"For love in heaven and friendship are the same."

Beloved Principal! The hour to which we long since turned our deep attention, has at

length arrived. We are now to sunder many of the endearing relations, which it has been our pleasure and happiness to sustain to each other, in the capacity of Teacher and pupil. It is but justice to say, that you have done for us what a father's love would scarcely have dictated, as we have watched with ceaseless concern the fluctuating state of your physical health, induced by sleepless nights of anxious care, and a sense of high responsibility. Long may you be spared to your friends and country to finish your glorious mission; and may no shade of sorrow arise to cloud the sunshine of your happy days. When life shall begin to wane, may your noble sentiments live and grow green with age. May the fountains of your early joys continue to send forth sweet and invigorating waters to solace your declining years. And when the sun of your existence shall approach its Western horizon, may it go down without an intervening cloud, as you shall step through the portals of Paradise, and "cease at once to work and live." We ask, as a last request, that you—your colleagues, and our fellow students who are to remain, will remember us, in the cares and vicissitudes through which fortune may conduct us in our future course—and with our last farewell, we leave the pledge to reciprocate that gracious token of your regard, and to remember each other, while the stream of time rolls its sweeping current to the vast ocean of eternity.

The following are the names of the graduates:

NAME	TOWN	COUNTY
Mary E. Butler,	Stockport,	Columbia
Julia B. Clark,	Oswego,	Oswego
Ann J. Collins,	Thompson,	Sullivan
Lucy E. Crandall,	Bridgewater,	Oneida
Jane Coley,	Perinton,	Monroe
S. Maria Dady,	Homert,	Cortland
Sarah Durfee,	Palmyra,	Wayne
Sarah E. Foster,	Sing Sing,	Westchester
Catharine M. Goodman,	Bolton,	Warren
Elizabeth Hatfield,	Macedon,	Wayne
Ann Minerva Hurd,	Royalton,	Niagara
S. Almira Jenner,	New-York,	New-York
Mary Ann Lee,	Little Falls,	Herkimer
Amy Mott,	Williamson,	Wayne
Laura Munson,	Caledonia,	Livingston
Ann E. McDowell,	Wayne,	Steuben
Ann Maria Ostrom,	Perry,	Wyoming
Cynthia A. Pierce,	Middlefield,	Otsego
Mary A. Perrine,	Root,	Montgomery
Patience Smith,	New-York,	New-York
Hannah E. Stevens,	Cicero,	Onondaga
Sarah E. Smead,	White Creek,	Washington
Elizabeth Tallmadge,	Albany,	Albany
L. Maria Thatcher,	Eaton,	Madison
Mary H. Van Valkenburgh,	Prattsburgh,	Steuben
Deborah T. Wilber,	Saratoga,	Saratoga
Israel G. Attwood,	Wheatfield,	Niagara
Chauncey W. Allen,	Galway,	Saratoga
Ezra D. Barker,	Le Roy,	Genesee
Truman H. Rowen,	Manheim Centre,	Herkimer
William H. Hull,	Wallkill,	Orange
James Coley,	Florida,	Montgomery
Neil Campbell,	Monroe,	Orange
John A. Cramer,	Amsterdam,	Montgomery
Joel B. Conklin,	Sand Lake,	Rensselaer
Charles T. Canfield,	Freemansburgh,	Tompkins
Albert E. Crane,	Urbana,	Steuben
Ebenezer Curtice,	Mayville,	Chautauque
Edwin E. Clapp,	Belfast,	Allegany
Lewis Cornell,	Van Buren,	Onondaga
Charles Gale,	Berkmantown,	Clinton
Cyrus Holley,	Amsterdam,	Montgomery
Josiah W. Hastings,	Brandon,	Franklin
Frederick L. Hanford,	Stamford,	Delaware
Orson Jackson,	Westford,	Otsego
Daniel G. Jones,	Aurora,	Krie
Charles Kendall,	Westerlo,	Albany
De Witt C. Marsh,	Randolph,	Cattaraugus

William Orton,	Seneca,	Ontario
Charles H. Oliver,	Wallkill,	Orange
Richard M. Patchin,	Warwarsing,	Ulster
Daniel B. Ross,	Canadice,	Ontario
Byron Rice,	Mentz,	Cayuga
Julius T. L. Remington,	Hopkinton,	St. Lawrence
Edwin B. Russ,	Utica,	Oneida
Henry J. Sherrill,	Eaton,	Madison
G. Herman Stevens,	Ithaca,	Tompkins
Andrew J. Stevens,	South Columbia,	Herkimer
Buckley K. Seaman,	Schroon,	Essex
Richard H. Uline,	Sand Lake,	Rensselaer
Augustus H. Walwork,	Huntington,	Suffolk
Daniel B. Whitmore,	Columbus,	Chenango
James D. Warner,	Albany,	Albany

The Teacher.

[For the District School Journal.]
TEACHING A PROFESSION.

Trades and handicrafts are not called *professions*, but they are very useful and very honorable. Divinity, law, and physic, demanding in practice, intelligent and well-informed men as their organs and ministers, are called *learned professions*; and they who are so employed, are held in the highest respect by their fellow men, provided they personally do honor to their vocation;—not else. The fanatic who misleads; the pettifogger, who disturbs; and the quack, who does, or would deceive mankind, come in for no enviable share of esteem and respect from society.

In ancient times, the poet and the prophet—in effect the same,—were the only teachers, and held the first place in the affections of their fellow men. The Bards of Greece, the Scalds of Scandinavia, and the Minstrels of Southern Europe, were honored and cherished in their several countries, before letters were known to the people. Homer says, that though the men of his age—perhaps ten centuries before Christ—exalted their artists, their priests, and their physicians, they respected their poets—their teachers—still more.

"Round the wide world those men are called divine
Who public structures raise, and who design,
Those to whose eyes their ways the gods reveal,
Or bless with salutary arts to heal;
But chief to poets such respect belongs.—"

Odyssey, Book XVII.

In Rome, under the commonwealth, though no general provision for the instruction of the people existed, the higher classes provided instructors for their children. And here let it be remarked, that without paper and the art of printing, no teaching, except oral instruction, can be practised, but in a very limited measure. Paper made of rags, was first manufactured in the thirteenth century, and printing came into use in Europe in the fifteenth. Education was not much extended till the sixteenth century.

To return to the subject of Roman education. At seven years of age, boys were taken from female tuition, and committed to the literatores, —persons who taught them to read and write. Afterwards they went to the grammar schools, and besides being taught athletic exercises, were instructed in all the learning then cultivated.

The rhetorician who directed the studies of young men, was not only revered by his pupils, but all men honored his occupation. A Latin poet of the first Augustan age, mentions

it as an excellent trait of former times, that his countrymen honored the governors of their youth.

"In peace ye shades of our great grandsires rest,
No heavy earth your sacred bones molest;
Eternal spring, and rising flowers adorn
The reliques of each venerable urn:
Who pious reverence to their tutors paid,
As parents honored and as gods obeyed."

Juronal.

Can it be true that Christians are less discerning, less just, less grateful to benefactors, than heathens of antiquity?—Can the latter undervalue the friends of their best interests, and deny them the social privileges that belong to men as members of the intelligent community; that they who hold it, must magnify their office against the pride, the prejudices, and the negligences of other men and women, for whose especial benefit they toil and serve? There may be instances of coarseness and depreciation, in which the ignorant and the purse-proud slight or oppress the exemplary teacher of the young; but these are few, in comparison of demonstrations of a contrary character; and this class of persons hold every other, less favored in outward appliances, as their inferiors. This false complacency of theirs, can take nothing from the dignified self-esteem of any wise man.

John Quincy Adams, once a professor of Rhetoric in Harvard College, became president of the United States; and the present head of that institution, did not descend to it, after filling the highest functions in the republic. Education is a profession, when worthily discharged. It has its grades of office; its appropriate rewards. It must be so in the nature of things. The moral dignity of this profession is surpassed by none; its moral influence by none. Its peculiarities are inherent and irremediable. It concerns itself with elements more than with combinations; with the young and not with the advanced; with preparations, and not with results; with seed-sowing, and not with harvests; in this field, truly sowers are not reapers. The man concerned in early discipline, has a kingdom of his own, of temporary and successive subjects; he is not a competitor with other men in the struggles of life; he does not measure his strength with theirs;—he is bound down to rudiments, to repetition and routine; he does not look forward in exalted hope to larger emolument, higher trust, and a loftier station. But he is not therefore, an injured man, nor need he be obscure, insignificant, and underrated. Just so far as he possesses the qualities for which other men are estimable, is he entitled to esteem; and for these he will and must be esteemed wherever he is known. An enlightened, moral, and religious man,—one who cultivates his mind—one who does not hide his light under a bushel—one who does not sequester himself from books, and discourse of well instructed men; one who acquaints himself with the great questions of human virtue and happiness—who knows the spirit of the age, and investigates the results of experience; whose curiosity is active, whose sympathies with mankind, are alive and operative; and whose manners are untinged with pedantry and conceit;—will be met every where with deference; lis-

tened to with consideration, consulted in confidence, and will be never forsaken in adversity, nor overlooked where he ought to be distinguished.

Of the late Dr. Arnold, the master of Rugby, one of the great schools in England, it has been said, that he united the genius of a statesman, to the office of a school master. Whoever would know how that office may be ennobled, must read the Life and Letters of this admirable person. He never for a moment, desired to exalt his profession; it was in itself exalted. The design of it in his mind, was to call many to righteousness; to lay foundations of heavenly wisdom; to make learning the handmaid of moral truth, and moral truth the germinant principal of moral conduct; and moral conduct, the foundation of national greatness, and a Christian people, the heirs of promises held out to those whose God is the Lord.

Did room permit, I might find other examples to show the high appreciation in which many such men have been held. Dr. Andrew Bell, who introduced christian education among his own countrymen in India, and simplified the mechanism of it in application to large numbers, is among those who have called forth the blessings of thousands. Of him, Mr. Coleridge said:

"Would I frame to myself the most inspiring representation of future bliss, which my mind is capable of comprehending, it would be embodied in the idea of Bell receiving in the eternal world the appropriate rewards of his earthly labors; when thousands, and tens of thousands of glorified spirits, whose reason and conscience had through his efforts been unfolded, shall sing the song of their own redemption, and pouring forth praises to God and their Savior, shall repeat his new name in Heaven, give thanks for his earthly virtues, as the chosen instruments of divine mercy to themselves, and not seldom, perhaps, turn their eyes toward him, as from the sun to his image in the fountain, with secondary gratitude, and the permitted utterance of a human love."

A moral recompense must be the ultimate motive of the teacher; that can never be alienated, never corrupted. What Coleridge anticipated for Bell, every man who consecrates his talents, be they one or ten, to a like work, with like motives, may promise himself. He may look for his inheritance, where injustice of men shall be completely annihilated in the rewards of those who shall have served hopefully and faithfully to the end.

ELIZA ROBBINS.

A CHILD'S TRUST IN GOD.

In an account of a lost child in Missouri, going the newspaper rounds, we find a sentiment, that for a simple expression of that confiding reliance on the Divine care, which should characterize a believer in Providence, we have never seen surpassed. The little boy narrating the incidents of his wanderings, when night came on says, "it grew very dark, and he asked God to take care of little Johnny, and he went to sleep."

Miscellaneous.

[From the Columbia Observer.]

"MA PAUVRE FILLE!"

BY DAVID R. ARNELL.

"Oh! thou hast ope'd a sluice was long shut up,
And let a flood of grief in.

Friend, I tell thee,
I did once lose a daughter!"—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*
"We too maune flytte to aue land of blisse,
To aue land of holy silentnesse."—*Moor of the Moor.*

I was a stranger in a strange land. No heart in that populous city lay close to mine, and weary of contemplating the restless flow of a life in whose pulsations I felt no interest, I had turned aside into a sanctuary of the dead. I have a passion for a graveyard. I always enter, for I love to commune solitarily with the sad, vague thoughts that well up from my very heart's depths as I stroll along the aisles of the silent congregation. Oh, the grave! the grave! Why should it ever be an object of loathing to the human race? Is it not the peaceful home of the sorrowful, the tried, the sin-sick? Is it not that blessed land of promise, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest?" Humankind! go thither and meditate. If the world for you has lost its brightness—if the rainbow spans not the cloud—if your love or your hope has perished—if your hate even hath lain down with corruption, go—for you are an heir to the same inheritance—you too must go down alone into the dark house—you must mingle with the little handfuls of earth which you have loved or hated, "dust to dust,"—ay! more, your white shadow-lip, must breathe its silent "all-hail" to the mysterious company that dwell beyond the brotherhood of passionless and unessential ghosts. Go think of it, and the ghost in your own bosom will suggest a suitable preparation for that strange, lone greeting.

There is much to be learned in a graveyard. There are streams running back from such a spot directly to the heart of the living. There are a thousand little evidences of a feeling heart in the simple and touching decorations of the "place of graves." Cold and sense-led must be that soul which will suffer the tombs of his kindred to be trampled over by the brutes that perish. There is no test of love but remembrance, and gifts are its tokens. The true heart will offer something to the memory of those it loved—it will not, at least, suffer the finger of defacement to blur all that is left to it of what once was lovely. I would not wish to be so invidious as to point out neglected graves, though they be almost within a stone's throw. I only add, that the broken railing, the toppling headstone, the unadorned sod, must beget in any sensitive heart feelings of aversion towards a community in which they are found, and of utter repugnance to a final resting place in their midst. Oh, death! death! death! though thou art very dreadful—though thou changest the countenance, and hushes the voice, yet we disrobe thee of half of thy terrors—we mock thee at the very foot of thy throne, when we steal into thy dark dominion—twine the amaranth where thou hast trailed the ivy—remove the moss from out the quaintly carved letters,

and make the prison-house where thou watchest our companions, look bright and pleasant. It is then we fall, as it were, in love with thy gloomy sceptre, and almost in sight of those thou hast already smitten, grasp the hem of thy receding garment, and cry to thee, "Spectre, lead on!"

I said I had turned aside into a cemetery. It was a curious one—such an one as I had never seen before. The repositories for the dead were built above the ground, and on the hermetically sealed tablets in front were sculptured the names and ages of the deceased. They were all solid, and looked as if they might stand for ages—all but one. I ventured to look into that, but saw nothing. The inhabitant had fled. There was no effort at show—all was simple, neat, and touching. Flowers, some fresh, some faded, were placed in rude receptacles, on a projection before most of the vaults, and over some, vines twined gracefully, and delicate buds hung with hearts full of perfume, close against the sculptured names of the departed. I learned it is a custom for the friends of the sleepers to assemble annually, and renew these touching and simple memorials. Holy, holy, are such heartfelt duties. What if those friends are beyond the reach of our sympathies? Will this check the flow of our grief, or mitigate the pain of our anguish? Senseless paradox! And as there is nothing unmanly in sorrow for the dead, so there can be no affectation in lavishing our heart-store upon their ashes. True, too often, the pomp, the circumstance, the emblazonry of the burial and of the tomb, savor more of pride, than of regret, and there is little genuineness in the "cold conceits of sculptured marble;" yet all this is easily distinguished from that sincere and beautiful sorrow which leads the mourner to lavish the tenderest gifts upon the resting place of the being he loved, and to decorate it unostentatiously with the simple and delicate offerings of flowers. Nor does it make any matter as to these duties, what we may believe in regard to their unseen mode of existence—whether they yet linger in the sunlight and air, or whether the land in which they dwell lieth very far off. All of us have our belief on this subject, but I venture to assert the sorrow of all partakes of but this one feeling: they are gone! gone to us—they are not visible by our side—the hand is cold, and cannot return our grasp—the heart is still, and can no longer beat against our own, as it was erewhile wont—we remember only that they were lovely and pleasant in their lives—that we have spoken harsh words—have neglected opportunities for kindness that can never, never be again offered, and now we needs must pour our sympathies, and our regrets, over their slumbering dust—we needs must yield our offerings, and lavish our tears, only the more freely and bitterly, because, (so far as we can know from the replies sent back to us) those offerings are unheeded, and those tears unavailing.

I had stopped occasionally to read the inscriptions. It is rarely one can dwell long upon an epitaph. A poor joke about ordinary virtues—a lugubrious distich from some unpoetical hymn, are the scrawls which too many

delight to leave to the passer-by, of their departed relatives and friends. But on this subject I shall not dwell. Let me not rest beneath such mockeries as these. Let my simple head stone but bear my name. If that shall call up no remembrances, let me sleep, and be forgotten. There are, however, some epitaphs which stir the heart's depths of the most casual reader. Here is one—the acme of grief—the moanings of a heart-break:

"Elle laisse une mere inconsolable."

As I copied it into my note-book, I thought I would not add a word if I could catch it from an angel. But what was even that to the one that next fixed my attention:

"Ma Pauvre Fille."

(My Poor Girl!)

Reader, think, but speak not of it, for the love of God.

I was stooping down to arrange some flowers that had fallen from a vase near this last recorded inscription. A hand pressed my shoulder lightly, and looking up, I beheld an old man, who in a broken voice, and in difficult English, addressed me substantially as follows:

"My son, is it the grave of a sister, or of her who —"

I interrupted him. "You mistake me, sir, I am a stranger here."

"Stranger!" he echoed with apparent surprise, "and know not her who is sleeping there? Why then were you kneeling before that grave? young man, you have no cause for shame."

"Nor would I be ashamed," I replied, "if I had been kneeling, but I was not. I was only stooping to arrange these flowers before I passed on. It was a simple duty, and one which I conceive any sensitive heart would have suggested, and ready hands performed. Again, I tell you, I am a stranger here, and only stepped in to look at an inheritance like that which I am heir to."

"You seem young," he replied, "and young hearts brood over their love in solitude. I myself have felt how difficult it is"—he checked himself, and eyed me incredulously.

"I would choose to be alone," I answered, "but suffer me to say, your surmises are without foundation."

"Blushes are the heart's tell-tales," he resumed calmly.

"They do not always tell love-tales," I replied doggedly.

"I comprehend you perfectly," was the answer, "but pardon me. It was a weakness,"—he could go no farther. The fount of grief had burst. From his eyes rolled large and fast tear drops, his voice quivered, and his whole frame shook with uncontrollable emotion. He regarded me a moment with intense earnestness, and then throwing his feeble arms around my neck, wept on my bosom a long while.

"If you knew my motive in thus addressing you," he said at length, "I would not ask your pardon. But I cannot let you go, and preserve the feelings of a man. I hoped you were attracted to this tomb as I have been, by the name inscribed thereon. I have a daughter by

that dear appellation. That name is not more deeply graven on the marble than it is dug into this bleeding heart. I see we are strangers, would'st thou weary of a little tale?"

"Dear Sir!" I replied—

"Well," he commenced, "it shall be short and simple."

"My life has not been eventful. I am a native of France, and my parents were Catholics after the 'most straitest sect.' Their only ambition in regard to myself was that I should be qualified to receive orders, and obtain some honorable position in 'the Church.' I was sent to Salamanca. The impetuous daring, the wild fancies, and the peerless beauty of Spain soon drove from my mind all ideas of spending my life in the heartless mummeries, the asceticism and the celibacy of a Romish official. I was at heart averse to the religion, though I had foolishly kept back my scepticism from my parents. I left the University, and embarked for the United States. I had not been long here before I was married, and had settled myself in this city, in the practice of my profession. In my marriage I was unfortunate. Not that I did not spend two years in perfect, unalloyed enjoyment. But then the stroke came, and with a fierce laugh of scorn I gave back my wife to Him who had sent her. My daughter, (her express image,) was left me, or I should have followed her. I was unwilling to leave the fruit of that bosom to the mercies of a heartless world. As she grew up, I was pained to find her disposition, in no respect, the counterpart of her mothers. My wife was unreserved, frank and confiding; the daughter silent, reflective and distrustful—distrustful even of me—of me, her father! If it were even proper for a parent to call his own child beautiful, (as many foolish parents do, and think the world believes them,) my weak words could not express her image, as I would have you conceive it. That world itself paid her the tribute of its unceasing admiration. God knows how I struggled, and eat the bread of carefulness for many years, that I might accumulate a fortune with which to crown her attractions. I was cursed in my basket and store. Still my daughter cared not for it. She preferred to fashionable life, solitude and books, and the communion of her own sweet thoughts. At length a suitor flung such an overflow of wealth at her feet, that my spirit gloated with delight. She spurned him contemptuously from her embraces. I expostulated, remonstrated, threatened, yes—forgive me, God!—threatened! it was of no avail. I can feel the fire of her look yet crackling in my heart fibres. I had mingled with men until I bowed with them to the 'Golden Calf,'—I knew nothing of higher consideration or moment. Think you I did not love her? I loved her most passionately, but in the way my own blunted sensibilities suggested. I am not speaking mysteries! Sir, God has not always joined those in feeling whom He has united by blood! Who has not filled an urn with the choicest fruits from the 'garden of his delights,' and pressing it to the lips of a dear relative or friend, been utterly confounded as he saw it turn to ashes."

"But a change came over her character."

She had been a careful reader of the Book of Books, and while she had glowed in its pathos, kindled in its sublimity, and been enraptured by its song, it had thrown its healing wing over her gentle spirit, and 'the knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation,' had arisen like the day-spring upon her soul. Her affection for me became intense—almost fearful! But you seem weary of my narrative,"—and the old man paused here.

"No, oh no!" I replied, "though I do not think you have yet got to the secret of your daughter's heart. I am something of a sceptic as to matters of love, but I expect your child has formed ties you never dreamt of. You say she loves no one!"

He answered,—“Did I not speak to you of a love? They who have laid up their treasures in Heaven, have their hearts there also, and yet”—but he checked himself, and I thought I could discover the slightest expression of uneasiness working his finely arched lip, as if there was just one little point in her history, which he hardly dared dwell upon.

"If you will scan narrowly a young girl's actions," I replied, "you will see whither they tend—if you will listen with an ear bent towards her heart, you will hear the flutterings of brooding affection—of wild loves—dreamy aspirations and vague desires, though she may not declare them to their object."

"No, you speak well, *she may not!*" he answered emphatically. "Young man, press me no farther; let us separate."

"Not here," I replied, "I am growing interested in your tale."

"To be candid," he resumed, "the failure of her health brought to light the fatal truth, and we travelled in foreign climes, to woo back the departed angel. I was pleased on my return a few years ago, to discover, that there was a visible change for the better."

"What farther?" I asked.

"Nothing!" he answered solemnly.

I thought I could discover in this simple, unaffected narrative of the old man, a quiet, uncomplaining piety, and was fain to believe that the marvellous change which he had said had passed upon his daughter, had likewise moulded his own heart into a more beautiful, and less rigid likeness. I ventured to say, "Sir, the lot is cast into the lap——"

He interrupted me,—"Probe not my heart too deeply, lest I sin against God. I have learned to say, "Blessed be his holy name."

"One question more," I asked, "does your daughter still remember?"

"I do not know," he replied.

"I trust, if it be so, there is good laid up for her," I said, "and that she may yet be united to him she loves."

"I will not deceive you any longer," he replied, "the King of a far distant country loved her, and after our return sent a messenger for her to come and reign on his throne with him. When I found her not unwilling, I bowed my head low to the honor, gave her up in tears, and remained."

"Sir, you did not——?"

A pleasant smile passed over his features, as he looked up in my face, and answered, "God

forbid that I should any longer accuse his Providence. He would not suffer me to follow my heart's desires, but I expect soon to receive an invitation to go and dwell whither she is gone."

"Is it a pleasant land?" I asked.

"Sir," he replied, "the lines have always fallen to me in pleasant places. I have dwelt with the singing birds in the land of the orange and vine, but that land is the pleasantest I ever heard of."

"Dear sir, speak on."

"They hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither doth the sun light on them, nor any heat."

I made no answer. At length the old man said, "Thou understandest too well the meaning of those blessed words to mistake me farther. I shall go unto her, but she will not return unto me."

It was in vain that I pressed him to continue his narrative. His heart was full to overflow. Taking my arm he led me close to the sepulchre, and placing in my hand the flowers I had been so careful in arranging, bowed his white head reverently on the sculptured name of his child, sobbing as if his heart would break. "Ma pauvre fille!" "Ma pauvre fille!"

What a world of trial and disappointment is this! What a cloud hangs over all earthly existence. At times a rainbow spans its dreariness in indescribable beauty, but ere our eyes have had space to study its fair proportions, it passes away, leaving them to gaze only on the blank, dark sky—a thousand fold darker because the rainbow had been there. The child loves the flower—the youth the maiden—the old man the daughter. All are chasing phantoms—beautiful—evanescent! And then, when we find we have embraced a shadow, how we pour into the ears of our Heavenly Parent, the story of our rifled hearts—how we almost chide Him for having ever bestowed upon us the gift of such heart-mocking idols. Chide Him not, my sorrowing friends! We shall get beyond the cloud. We shall see the home of the rainbow, and the fount of the sunshine. Oh! take courage! Our way may be dark, and our cup bitter. But there is a land where night comes not, nor darkness, nor sorrow, nor crying. Glorious things are spoken of it—strange, wild words, the fulness of whose meaning we cannot comprehend, but which are so sweet that they make our hearts overrun with joy. What if our earth-idols are broken here. They are restored there. We shall behold them "face to face," "Never here—forever there." There—with the "dust shook from their beauty," in spotless purity—there, beyond the remotest of these veils "of twenty thousand lustres," which, spread before mortal gaze, cannot contain the excessive radiance of the face of God—there, in that house not made with hands, whose innumerable, swift valves pour continually upon them floods of brightness, glorifying them each moment yet more exceedingly—there, where the sense of harmony that upbuilds and holds the throne of Jehovah, and is as wings to his angels, and horses to his chariots, shall grow fuller and stronger, and bind them more closely to us, and to God, for ever and ever!

I know these are most impotent fancies.
 "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." Yet as
 I stood by that sacred spot—as I saw that hum-
 ble and broken spirit, in his utter desolation—
 as memory went back to my own lost beloved,
 and as I felt my own yearnings, and my own
 sin, they floated up unconsciously, and held
 me a long time in dreamy and profound silence.
 The old man had not once raised his head from
 the marble, and I began to feel like an intruder
 into the sanctuary of his grief. I knew I must
 leave him, yet what could I say, for my own
 heart was full—full of thoughts which we often
 have, but can never express. I extended him
 my hand for a final farewell. He looked up
 into my face, and breathed an audible "amen,"
 as I ventured to whisper in his ear, "Oh,
 stricken one! thou art not far from the King-
 dom of Heaven."

May 15, 1846.

Poetry.

THE VOICES AT THE THRONE.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

A little child,
 A little meek-faced, quiet, village child
 Sat singing, by her cottage door at eve,
 A low, sweet Sabbath Song. No human ear
 Caught the faint melody—no human eye
 Beheld the upturned aspect, or the smile
 That wreathed her innocent lips the while they
 breathed
 The oft-repeated burthen of the hymn,
 "Praise God! praise God!"

A Seraph by the Throne
 In the full glory stood. With eager hand
 He smote the golden harpstrings, till a flood
 Of harmony on the celestial air
 Welled forth unceasing. Then with a great voice,
 He sang the "Holy, Holy, evermore,
 Lord God Almighty," and the eternal courts
 Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarchies,
 Angel, and rapt archangel, throbbed and burned
 With vehement adoration. Higher yet
 Rose the majestic anthem, without pause,
 Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,
 To its full strength; and still the infinite heavens
 Rang with the "Holy, Holy, evermore!"
 Till trembling from excess of awe and love,
 Each sceptered spirit sank before the Throne,
 With a mute hallelujah. But even then,
 While the ecstatic song was at its height,
 Stole in an alien voice—a voice that seemed
 To float, float upward from some world afar—
 A meek and child-like voice, faint, but how sweet!
 That blended with the seraph's rushing strain,
 Even as a fountain's music with the roll
 Of the reverberate thunder. Loving smiles
 Lit up the beauty of each angel's face
 At that new utterance. Smiles of joy that grew
 More joyous yet, as ever and anon
 Was heard the simple burden of the hymn
 "Praise God! praise God!" And when the se-
 raph's song
 Had reached its close, and o'er the golden lyre
 Silence hung brooding—when the eternal courts
 Rung with but echoes of his chant sublime,
 Still through the abysmal space, that wandering
 voice
 Came floating upward from its world afar,
 Still murmuring sweet on the celestial air,
 "Praise God! praise God!"

INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

"Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,
 Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
 Grow grey as the old man's, weak and poor,
 Who asked for alms at our pillared door?
 Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow,
 As he, when he told his tale of woe?
 Will my hands then shake, will my eyes grow dim?
 Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?"

"He said—but I knew not what he meant—
 That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.
 He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
 Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest;
 And he told how his kindred there were laid,
 And the friends with whom in his youth he played;
 And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
 And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!

"He spoke of a home, where, in childhood's glee.
 He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee;
 And followed afar, with a heart as light
 As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight;
 And pulled down young flowers, where they grew
 Neath the beams
 Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams;
 Yet he left all these through the earth to roam!
 Why, O mother! did he leave his home?"

"Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child!
 The fancies of youth and age are beguiled;—
 Tho' pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn gray,
 Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!
 There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,
 Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek;
 But in joy they live, fair boy! like thee—
 It was there the old man longed to be!

For he knew that those with whom he had played,
 In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage
 shade—

Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth
 Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth—
 Whose names from our world had passed away,
 As flowers in the breath of an autumn day—
 He knew that they, with all suffering done,
 Encircled the throne of the Holy One!

"Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,
 Where Want with his pale train never may come,
 Oh! scorn not the poor, with the scorner's jest,
 Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;
 For He who hath made them poor may soon
 Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
 And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild!
 Oh! soften the griefs of the poor my child!"

✍ All letters and communications intended
 for the District School Journal should hereafter
 be directed to "JOHN R. HUMPHREY, office
 of District School Journal, Albany."

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 tor will continue in charge of the editorial de-
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TERMS.

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STATE OF NEW-YORK:

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
DEPARTMENT OF COMMON SCHOOLS. }

In consequence of a misapprehension and misconstruction of the official order of the Department, published in the last May number of the District School Journal, under the head of "Visitation of Schools;" and being apprehensive that the regulation therein prescribed will operate unfavorably in districts of country where the School Houses are remote from each other,—the Superintendent of Common Schools prescribes the following regulation:

Each school should be visited by the Town Superintendent of the town, officially, not oftener than *twice* during each of the Winter and Summer Schools; and if one visitation be made in conjunction with the county superintendent, then the town superintendent should visit the same school but *once* in addition thereto; devoting a full half day only to the School of each District. But where the School Houses are remote from each other, it will not be expected that the town superintendents will complete the visitation and examination of two schools in one day. Charges for official visitations, beyond the limits herein provided, ought not in any case to be allowed. As this regulation is intended to embrace only the *ordinary visitations for inspection and examination*,—special visits, where the town superintendents may be called upon by the Trustees of a District, or otherwise, to discharge an official duty, do not come within the prohibition.

N. S. BENTON,
Sup't. Com. Schools.

Albany, October 2d, 1846.

Communications.

[For the District School Journal.]

THE SCOTCH SCHOOLMISTRESS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was not only the most gifted, but the most amiable of men. Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING mentions an instance of the respect he entertained for the character of an exemplary female teacher. In 1817, Mr. IRVING paid a visit to Abbotsford, the residence of Sir Walter, and thus describes the company he one day met at the great man's table.

"That day, at dinner, we had Mr. Laidlaw and his wife, and a female friend who accompanied them. The latter was a very respectable, intelligent person about the middle age, and was treated with particular attention and courtesy by Scott. Our dinner was a most agreeable one, for the guests were evidently cherished visitors to the house, and felt that they were appreciated. When they were gone, Scott spoke of them in the most cordial manner. 'I wished to show you,' said he, 'some of our really excellent plain Scotch people: not fine gentlemen and ladies, for such you can meet everywhere, and they are everywhere the same.

The character of a nation is not to be learned from its fine folks.' He then went on with a particular eulogium on the lady who had accompanied the Laidlaws.

"She was the daughter," he said, 'of a country clergyman who had died in debt, and left her an orphan and destitute. Having a good plain education, she immediately set up a child's school, and had soon a numerous flock under her care, by which she earned a decent maintenance. That, however, was not her main object. Her first care was to pay off her father's debts, that no ill word or ill will might rest upon his memory. This, by dint of Scottish economy, backed by filial reverence, she accomplished, though in the effort, she subjected herself to every privation. Not content with this, she refused in certain instances, to take pay for tuition of the children of some of her neighbors, who had befriended her father in his need, and had since fallen into poverty. In a word,' added Scott, 'she is a fine Scotch girl, and I delight in her more than in many a fine lady I have known, and I have known many of the finest.'

A fine lady—A mere creature of fashion and show, is worthless in comparison with such a woman as this. Her life was a lesson to prove the reality of virtue, and the veneration due to it. Lessons of this character, are a comment upon other teaching, and give efficacy to precepts, which, till they are exhibited in action, are of no more value than the product of the mint before it passes into circulation.

The teacher's profession belongs, without dispute, to both sexes. Half the children under school discipline are females, and half the teachers,—perhaps more than half—are also females. It has been recommended, that more females be so employed, because they will work for less money than men.—Provided they teach with the same efficacy as the other sex, it is hardly just that they receive less money. But whether they receive as much money or not, women thus engaged, are generally satisfied with the social privileges accorded to them for their work's sake. When they undertake this function in early life, they expect, for the most part, that it will be superseded by other duties more private and more interesting. If it be protracted into the vale of years, then its reward is eminently moral,—the complacency of a self-sustained spirit, and the grateful regard of those who have profited by the life-long service of the public benefactress.

The respect of the wise will never be denied to her who has fixed the vagrant attention, reared the tender thought, and nurtured the youthful virtue of a generation committed to her. The fruits of her culture must secure the gratitude of those she has furnished with good principles, turned through her counsels and influence to good ends. E. R.

"Education consists in learning what makes a man useful, respectable and happy in the line for which he is destined."—*Playfair*.

The power of the sword perisheth with the arm that wields it; but a good book lives and works forever.

HALL & DICKSON,

Booksellers and Publishers, Syracuse, N. Y.,

RESPECTFULLY SOLICIT THE ATTENTION OF TEACHERS AND ALL OTHERS
INTERESTED IN THE SUBJECT OF EDUCATION TO THE

NORMAL CHART,

OF THE ELEMENTARY SOUNDS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

This CHART was arranged and prepared by D. P. PAGE, Principal of New York State Normal School, and has received the unqualified approbation of hundreds of Teachers who have it in daily use in their Schools. Mr. PAGE has been long known to the public as an experienced Educator, and it is believed that in no department have his efforts been crowned with greater success than in that of Elocution. The Chart embodies the results of many years experience and attention to the subject, and it is confidently expected that it will soon become to be regarded as the Standard on the matters of which it teaches in all our schools. No work of so great importance, has probably ever been before the public, that has in so short a time been received with so many marked tokens of favor from Teachers of the highest distinction. Though there are other Charts before the public, of merit, yet it is believed that the Normal Chart, by the peculiar excellence of its analysis, definitions, directions and general arrangement, will commend itself to the attention of all who have in view the best interests of their Schools. The Chart is got up in superior style, is 56 inches long and 45 wide, mounted on rollers, cloth backs, and portions of it are distinctly legible at the distance of fifty feet. Price Two Dollars. Subjoined will be found a few out of many Recommendations that have been kindly furnished the Author and Publishers.

From S. S. Randall.
 SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
 Department of Com. Schools, }

Albany, Jan. 25, 1846.

Mr. L. W. HALL, Dear Sir:—I have examined the "Normal Chart of the Elementary Sounds of the English Language, arranged and prepared by David P. Page, Principal of the State Normal School," and have no hesitation in cordially recommending its introduction into our District Schools. It may wherever deemed advisable be procured under the authority conferred by the latter clause of the 16th section of the Act of 1843, as a portion of the "Scientific Apparatus for the use of Schools," under the conditions specified in that section. Yours respectfully,

S. S. RANDALL,

Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools.

From W. H. Scram, A. M.

SYRACUSE, Aug. 1, 1845.

Messrs. HALL & DICKSON: SIRS.—I have used in my School for several months past, "Page's Normal Chart of Elementary Sounds." The favorable expectations that I anticipated have been more than realized in its daily use. It awakens great interest among the pupils, serves to correct faults of enunciation, stammering, indistinct utterance, and the like, and is useful in developing a full and clear voice on the part of the pupil. In addition, the Chart contains much valuable information in respect to our language. I am confident that no Teacher, who knows its merits, will long remain without so useful, and even ornamental appendage to the School Room.

W. H. SCRAM, A. M.,

Principal of Public School No. 4, Syracuse.

From Charles Northend, Esq.

Principal of the Eppes School, Salem, Mass., and President of the Essex co. Teacher's Association.

D. P. PAGE, Esq.—Dear Sir: Having examined with much care, the "Normal Chart," which you had the kindness to send me, I deem it my duty to express to you my high estimate of its worth. I have, for a long time, regarded exercises in the Elementary Sounds of our language, as of the greatest importance—indispensable, indeed, to the acquisition of a clear, distinct and forcible style of reading; and your Chart is admirably adapted to imparting the necessary instruction in the shortest time and clearest manner.

I have suspended your Chart upon one of the walls of my School Room, where it may be seen by every pupil, and spend a few minutes, daily, in its exercises, with my whole school. Thus far, I am delighted with it, and my pupils engage in its exercise with much interest, and I hope profit.

Believing, as I sincerely do, that its use will be a great auxiliary in the important department of enunciation and reading, I most cheerfully commend it to the attention of Teachers and School Committees. It is very plain and simple, and may be readily understood by all. I trust it will soon be found and used in every school room in our country.

With sincere thanks, for the aid you have rendered our Profession in the preparation of the "Normal Chart,"

I remain, yours truly,

CHARLES NORTHEAD.

From E. G. Storke, Esq.

Superintendent of Schools of Cayuga County.

AUBURN, Feb. 11, 1846.

L. W. HALL, Esq.—The Normal Chart of the Elementary Sounds, which you have recently published, is a valuable contribution to our schools. Its advantages are many and clearly apparent. In class recitation it is invaluable, the character is bold—the representatives of the elements easily distinguished—being of a different color, and the whole subject is so arranged as to be in view of a whole class or school at the same time. It will save much labor on the part of the teacher and pupil, and render the study of Phonology, hitherto so irksome and repulsive, interesting and pleasant. The definitions and remarks are concise, yet direct and all that are needed for elementary purposes. The directions to teachers are plain and practical, and the arrangement of the vocals, sub-vocals and aspirates, is new, beautiful and distinct. The table of equivalents, the combinations to improve articulation, the exercises in analysis, and the examples of difficult articulation, are also in view of the class.—An arrangement, the advantage of which I think cannot but be appreciated.

Truly yours,

E. G. STORKE.

From J. A. Allen.

Principal of the Syracuse Academy.

SYRACUSE, March 4, 1846.

Mr. HALL—Dear Sir: I have examined with pleasure the Normal Chart, and am satisfied that it is superior to any thing of the kind with which I am acquainted.

I have introduced it into my school, and shall recommend it to the attention of Teachers every where.

Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH A. ALLEN.

From the Co. Supt. of Columbia Co.

The Normal Chart, containing the Elementary Sounds of the English language, will be found a very useful auxiliary in all our schools, and I cheerfully recommend it to teachers and trustees as the best work of the kind.

April 7, 1846.

H. H. FOUCHER, County Supt.